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A CITY ELEVATED.

THE vast space of the United States of America, and the prodigious human force provoked everywhere into exercise by the almost indefinite capabilities of the country, have caused many things which are here seen on a small scale, to assume, in that part of the world, gigantic proportions. Another consequence is, an audacity in grappling with physical difficulties such as the generality of British engineers would shrink from, even if supplied with ample funds, to be used at discretion. An American is so much accustomed to see wonderful things accomplished, that he becomes prepared instantaneously to enter upon and encourage projects which we should feel to be a hundred years ahead of our present powers.

There is a city in the west which even Americans will sometimes advert to as something of a wonder; and that is Chicago, on Lake Michigan. You enter, by a capital railway, an agglomeration of streets and squares, which appears not much less in extent than the city of Dublin, and you are told that it has all come into existence since the British Reform Act was passed. It is no rude collection of wigwags or log-houses, but a city of lofty and elegant structures, with churches, state-house, and all other suitable public buildings. Long terraces of handsome mansions, looking out upon the lake, attest the presence of a wealthy and luxurious class of inhabitants. Well, there was nothing of the kind there in 1830. When the history of the spot is traced fifteen or eighteen years further back, you find that it then boasted of nothing but a trading-station with a small fort. The writer was introduced to a middle-aged citizen, and learned that his wife has written an interesting book* on the romantic perils which she underwent in her girlhood, as daughter of the sole merchant here trafficking with the Indians. More marvellous still, there is now a university far to the west of Chicago—one graced by many accomplished professors—among the rest, by Dr D. B. Reid, long known in this country as a teacher of chemistry, and as the superintendent of the operations for regulating the temperature of the Houses of Parliament.

This city had grown up to be the dwelling-place of a hundred thousand inhabitants, before the people had well become aware of a radical fault in its construction—namely, that it had been built upon the surface of a plain so little elevated above the lake, that there was no proper outfall for drainage. Inconveniences

were experienced, and groaned over mildly, as usually happens when inconveniences appear irremediable; but they were inconveniences, nay, dangers to health and life, for all that; and when at last some one said they might be remedied, the sense of their importance was freely expressed. To cut short a long tale—the municipality gave ear to a scheme for elevating the city through vertical space to the extent of from four to ten feet, according to the needs of various districts, by which it was shewn that good drainage might be secured. Here he would be a bold engineer indeed who should bethink him of such a process as possible; but it does not appear that the man who proposed to hoist up Chicago was looked upon there as anything extraordinary. The writer, when at Chicago in October 1860, could gather little more than that he was a person of the name of Brown. The business was quickly set about, for the Americans do not, like us, consider and talk of in one century what their descendants are to accomplish in the next. Once satisfied that it was the right thing to do, they—to use one of their favourite phrases—went ahead, and did it.

I should rather say, they began to do it: they began, and are now going on with it; for as Rome was not built, so neither could Chicago be hoisted up, all in one day. The stranger visiting Chicago at present, finds himself moving along streets of different levels; sometimes has to ascend, sometimes descend, a trap-ladder of a few steps which strangely interrupts the pavement. Nor may it be for a year or two to come that all will be adjusted according to the plan.

But the process!—how is a heavy building (a good-sized house will be as much as four thousand tons in weight) to be lifted? how, if there be means of merely lifting, is the rise to be kept so equable, that the walls will not rend and crack—in short, go more or less to ruin? Strange to say, the lifting is not only done with ease, but it is done so equably that no such thing as a crack results, nor even so much as a flake of plaster falls from the walls. And it is not merely a single house which is so dealt with, but whole blocks of houses, masses like a side of Belgrave Square, or a section of Regent Street, the fact being that individual houses are in general so connected with others, that it is seldom or never they can be elevated singly.

To give some idea of the 'house-raising business,' as a local journal styles it, let us note a few particulars of what was done with a block of buildings so lately as April 1860. Be it premised, this block extended to 320 feet in length, with a breadth of from 140 to 90, and an average height of 70 feet. It included a large

* *Wau-Bun, the Early Day in the North-west.* By Mrs John H. Kinzie of Chicago. 8vo, 1857.

bank, and eight other massive structures, the basement story of which was divided into thirteen shops. The entire weight was estimated at 35,000 tons. Three firms contracted for the work at 18,000 dollars, or about L.3500, engaging that for any damage that might arise, they alone would be responsible. It was also arranged—and this is perhaps the most surprising feature of the undertaking—that there should be no interruption to the business of the various concerns accommodated in the building.

The first step is to scarify away all the ground, or fabric of any kind around the base of the building, supplying, however, provisional galleries and gangways for the use of the public during the process of elevation. Then the earth is dug out from under a portion of the foundations, and strong beams inserted, supported by rows of jack-screws set together as closely as possible. When this is properly arranged, another piece of the foundations is removed in like manner, and so on till beams with jack-screws are under every wall of the mass of building. In the case of the block in question, there were in all 6000 screws employed.

The next step is to arrange for putting the screws into action. To every ten a man is assigned, furnished with a crow-bar. At the signal of a whistle, he turns a screw one-fourth round, goes on to another, which he turns in like manner, and so on till all are turned. The screw having a thread of three-eighths of an inch, the building has thus been raised a fourth part of that space throughout, or exactly 3-32d of an inch. The whistle again sounds: each crow-bar is again applied to its series of ten screws, and a similar amount of vertical movement for the whole building is accomplished. And this operation is repeated till the whole required elevation is accomplished. I have a large lithographed print before me, in which we see the block in question, with its base laid bare, so as to shew the range of workmen operating upon the screws, while the shops above are all in full business, and the carriage-way displays its ordinary crowd of coaches, wagons, and foot-passengers, as if there were nothing particular going on. When the desired elevation is attained, the beams are one by one replaced with a substructure of masonry, and the pavement is restored on the new level. In this case, the elevation of four feet eight inches was accomplished in five days, and it is stated that the cost of new foundations and pavement was from forty to fifty thousand dollars. The block, which was full of inhabitants, contained much plate-glass, elegantly painted walls, and many delicate things; but not a pane was broken, a particle of plaster or paint displaced, nor a piece of furniture injured. The writer deems it not superfluous to say, that he saw and partly inspected this mass of building, and certainly found nothing that could have led him to surmise that it had originally rested on a plane nearly five feet below its present level.

Let us English people ponder on these heroic undertakings of our American cousins. They are well worthy of imitation. It is the misfortune of many of our cities that large portions of them are built on ground so little above the level of an adjacent river as to be but imperfectly drainable. Southwark is a notable example, and Belgravia, with finer buildings, is no better off in this important respect. Sanitary considerations point out how desirable in these cases it is that the buildings should be raised a

few feet. Chicago, a town of yesterday, scarcely yet to be heard of in geographical gazetteers, has shewn that it can be done, and, comparatively speaking, at no great expense.

THE FAMILY SCAPEGRACE.

CHAPTER VII.—DARKENDIN STREET.

EARLY next morning, Richard Arbour had taken leave of his dear mother and of Sister Maggie—to whom alone he confided the secret of his innocence in the snow-ball matter—and was upon his road with his big brother to the railway station, to which the cart containing his small supply of luggage had already been despatched. He looked back more than once, upon his way, on the little home wherein he had passed his happy child-life with regretful eyes, and the blind of that chamber-window over the dining-room was always held aside by an unseen hand, and two unseen faces were, he well knew, being pressed there against the frosty pane. He would be a good boy, and obey his uncle, for their sake, thought he; and waved his cap as he entered the clump of trees that shut the cottage finally from view.

'Now, then, what are you stopping for?' growled Adolphus. 'None of your cunning tricks with me, my man; you may keep them for the women-folks, I do assure you. You don't suppose I'm going to mind about such a chap as you. Besides, I ain't going to part with you just yet, young shaver, so my feelings are not so overcome. You'll be in my department in the office, mind you, and you'd better be precious careful what you're about. Come, sir, you've got "Runaway" written on your face, I see, so we'll just walk hand in hand, if you please.'

Mr Adolphus Arbour's views upon what fraternal behaviour should be, were, as we have seen, somewhat peculiar, and his idea of what walking hand in hand implies was not less original. It consisted in clutching hold of the cuff of Dick's greatcoat, and dragging him thereby along with him, as a folio-policeman drags a duodecimo-pickpocket. In another moment, the greatcoat was trailing in the snow, and its proprietor, having withdrawn from it as in a pantomime trick—having sloughed it as a serpent in a hurry might slough his skin—was already some twenty yards on his road home again. Equipped only in the short school-boy jacket, so excellently adapted for pedestrian exercise, as the boy was, Adolphus could never have caught him, and he knew it.

'Hi!' roared he, 'you stop! Do you hear me, you young scoundrel? You stop!'

Dick did hear him, and stopped accordingly, upon a heap of flints, intended for the repairing of the road, from which having selected those best adapted for his purpose, he commenced a Parthian war, now retreating from, now advancing upon, the enemy, and now, Deucalion-like, casting his weapons behind him, at a venture, as he flew. Adolphus, in deadly fear of these missiles—the fate of Mr William Dempsey occurring to him with peculiar force under the circumstances—was constrained to hold the greatcoat shield-like before his face, which of course prevented him from making anything save a blind charge upon his assailant, and compelled him to remain, upon the whole, in a condition of inglorious inaction.

'I will not take hold of you any more, Dick,' parleyed the besieged party from behind his curtain or rampart.

'I know that; thank you for nothing,' returned the enemy, dexterously smiting the kneecap of the foe with a flint.

'I won't hurt you, I won't bully you, I'll be good to you,' roared the limping Adolphus.

'I must throw these three more stones,' replied Dick, 'and then we'll have *pax*.'

The which, accordingly, this master of the situation actually did, and one of them with effect; and then

the two forces concluded an armistice, and reached the railway station only just in time. Adolphus took advantage of the hurry to furnish Dick with a half-price ticket instead of a whole one, pocketing the surplus fare with which his uncle had entrusted him, and laying the burden of the imposture upon Richard himself, who was more than thirteen years of age, and looked fifteen. The latter never dreamed but that this was done by his uncle's orders, and received the reproofs and expostulations of the ticket-viewers all the way to London with a magnanimity which is only borne of a sense of duty. His thoughts were mainly fixed upon that metropolis, so wondrous and vaguely promising to the soul of youth, from the days of another Dick—who was the scapegrace of his family also—even until now, and on the new manner of life upon which he was about to enter. His ideas of the mercantile profession—despite his residence at Messrs Dot and Carriwun's—were principally derived from the information afforded by the *Arabian Nights' Entertainments*, which led him to believe that sales were effected by means of purses of gold coin, and that the chief article of commerce consisted of precious stones—some of which perhaps, being rubbed smartly, might produce attendant geni. He made a pretty good guess, however, in concluding that his future Old Man of the Sea would be no other than the individual now opposite to him, over whose countenance, whenever he had occasion to rub his kneecap—which was rather frequently—there passed a decidedly malevolent expression. As to Uncle Ingram, there had certainly been nothing about him identical with those splendid personages who were wont to purchase a thousand bales of silk at Balsora, or to furnish Haroun Al Raschid with those young ladies of surpassing beauty, so full of reminiscences of the king their father, and their august mode of life at home. But then Dick felt that Uncle Ingram in the country might be a very different man from Uncle Ingram among his wares—for business matters were never referred to at the cottage except in such tones as befitted their sacred and mysterious character—and he did not altogether despair of finding that relative sitting cross-legged under a dome of great magnificence, and selling diamonds in sacks by dry measure.

As a matter of fact, however, Mr Ingram Arbour was a china and earthenware dealer, and sold dinner-services, jugs, basins, and so on, by the ton, in Darkendim Street, City. He was a sort of commercial Pandarus, a go-between 'twixt the manufacturers and retail dealers; and, if he had not been a Londoner, would perhaps have been called a Manchester ware-houseman. The Darkendim Street establishment, although of vast extent, was very ill lighted, and had rather the air of being underground than otherwise. The two brothers went direct to this emporium, and threaded their way among mighty crates, with musty hay peering through their ribs as if from a manger, to the sanctum of Mr Ingram Arbour, which was like one of those boxes, and not much larger, in which private watchmen keep guard at night over banks and other buildings, wherein it is essential to persuade the public that there is money lodged. Uncle Ingram held out a finger to his little nephew, by way of welcome to commercial life; and Dick, having taken hold of it respectfully, bent it slightly—having found it impossible to shake it—and returned it to its proprietor.

'You had better take him to Mr Mickleham, Adolphus, for the present, and he will set him to work at once. And mind you're a good boy, sir, from henceforth—d'ye hear?—and whatever you do, don't throw my china about into people's eyes.'

With which not very encouraging remark, Uncle Ingram turned to the newspaper that was lying above his ledger, as it sometimes does, I have observed, with the best of business men, and Dick and his conductor, like Dante and his guide in

another place, resumed their way through the gloom. This time, however, they ascended a flight of stairs, and returned across another floor to a room which overlooked the narrow street. A benevolent-looking old gentleman, with gold spectacles and slightly bald, sat at a huge desk with an enormous book before him, lisping with his mouth almost shut, not in numbers, but in figures, to himself. It struck Dick that he must have been always doing this, and wondered within himself whether it could have been this very individual who had invented 'Practice' for the confusion of youth. So soon as he spoke, however, it was evident that he was far too good-natured a person to have done anything of the sort.

'Good-day, Mr Adolphus,' said he in a cheery voice; 'and is this your brother Dick come to be lord mayor of London, and I don't know what beside?' Let us shake hands, my good young sir.

Mr Mickleham descended cautiously from his perch, by help of a cross-bar let into the legs of his lofty stool for that very purpose, and gave Dick a hearty welcome. 'I think,' continued he, as the little fellow squeezed the friendly hand as tightly as he could, 'we shall get on very well together, we two.'

'If you do,' observed Adolphus grimly, 'you'll be about the first that has done it with that young gentleman.'

'Pooh, pooh, pooh—hush, hush!' cried the old man; 'I know nothing of all that, and I won't hear anything about it. When such little lads as these get into trouble, there are always faults on both sides.'

'Well, well,' returned Adolphus, 'time will shew; only, if I am not very much out in my calculations'—

'That's just what you're making me be,' interposed the old gentleman. 'If the lad is to be under my care for awhile, I cannot be distracted by anything else, if you please. I shall have to begin again with Cockspur and Triangle's account, as it is.'

The heir-presumptive of the house walked off with a grating laugh, and left the old man and the boy together. Mr Mickleham looked at Dick without speaking, until the echoes of the departing footsteps had died away; then he drew him nearer to the light, and patted his curly locks approvingly. 'Richard—your name is Richard, isn't it?—Richard, my boy,' said he in a tender tone, 'do you understand book-keeping?'

Dick modestly replied that he was afraid he was not very good at it.

'Have you ever heard of Böttcher, Richard—of the great Böttcher?'

Dick rather thought that he had heard the name (or something very like it) before.

'Of course you have,' replied the old gentleman with enthusiasm; 'who has not heard of the famous Böttcher? Who does not feel regret that such a genius was not our own fellow-countryman?'

'Ah, who indeed!' murmured poor Dick, who felt that he was getting credit somehow for knowing something or other of which he was profoundly ignorant.

'Here,' continued the old man, delighted at finding a willing listener, if not a sympathiser with his particular hobby—'here is a piece of Meissen porcelain that has once been in the great Böttcher's own fingers. You remember, doubtless, how the idea of making the white porcelain was suggested to him by the hair-powder which his valet put on his wig; how precious became the earth from which it was made, and how it was forbidden to be exported, and was brought into the manufactory in sealed barrels by persons sworn to secrecy. The whole history of pottery can be read in those shelves yonder, Richard.' He pointed to innumerable specimens of porcelain and earthenware arranged like pictures upon the wall, and carefully classified. 'This is the pattern-room, and in these drawers are

hundreds of specimens of the modern ware; but those are the ancient gems, the priceless treasures.' With as great a reverence as Ultramontanist ever paid to relic, he took down a misshapen and black brown something out of a sort of iron net on the extreme left of the line of shelves, and exclaimed with an air of triumph: 'Now what do you think of this, Richard?'

'It's very ugly, isn't it, please, sir?' said Dick, determined to speak plainly this time, and not to be misunderstood again.

'Ugly!' cried Mr Mickleham in a tone of the most undisguised horror. 'Why, I begin to think that what has been said of you must be true. Ugly! Why, you young reprobate, this was found in a tomb at Thebes, and must have been manufactured nearly fifteen hundred years before the Christian era. It was made, perhaps, by the very father of the art. Ugly! Why, what on earth were those bright eyes given you for?'

'I beg your pardon, sir,' replied Dick with sincere contrition; 'I really am no judge at all. I'm only thirteen years old, although I look so tall. I daresay it is a very pretty jug indeed.'

'Jug!' echoed Mr Mickleham with a shriek; 'it's a bottle, sir; a bottle of Chinese stoneware. Here is a sun-dried brick from Babylon, with a cuneiform inscription on it, telling us that it was made at the establishment of the Messrs Cockspur and Triangle of that epoch. That straw and clay, sir, were put together three thousand years ago. Here, again, is a clay-book from the private library of Sennacherib, and contains the inventory of the furniture of his palace. Descending to modern times, here is a beautiful rustic figure from the hands of Bernard Palissy himself, he who, being unable to pay his assistant his wages, gave him the coat off his own back, and after sixteen years of poverty-stricken existence, triumphed. This rose-coloured Sèvres Cupid was made for the famous Madame Dubarry, whose exquisite taste in porcelain must not, however, be permitted to blind us to the impropriety of her behaviour; she was as frail as her pink china. This splendid vase was one of a set purchased by Augustus III. at the price of a whole regiment of dragons, and to my mind was worth a squadron; while this tea-cup, made by Charles III. of Nor— Goodness Heavens! look, boy! you have younger sight than I: can this, by any possibility, be a crack in the handle? Come here; I would not venture to take it off its nail for half the treasures of Dresden.'

'It's only a cobweb, sir,' observed Dick, examining it; 'just let me blow it away.'

'Not for your life, boy, not for your life!' exclaimed Mr Mickleham in unaffected terror. 'Oh, the rashness and foolhardiness of youth! Just run your eye over this account for me, and tell me what you make it. What a turn you have given me, lad; I shan't be fit for work for the next half hour. There's the bell going for the workmen's dinner, luckily, so I can conscientiously devote the interval to luncheon.' The old gentleman opened a cupboard, and produced some sherry and biscuits. 'You must be hungry, lad, after being in the country-air this morning. I remember it gave me a tremendous appetite the last time I was in it—between thirteen and fourteen years ago.'

'Do you stop in this place all the year round, sir?' inquired the lad with astonishment.

'Pretty much,' returned the old gentleman, laughing. 'I very rarely go far away, at all events; and don't you think it's a very nice place too?'

'I like this room, sir, and I like you,' answered Dick; 'but I don't like Darkendim Street, nor that smell of old straw down stairs.'

'Smell of old straw!' replied the other. 'Why, what a strange boy you are. I never smell any old straw. What fancies lads do take into their giddy heads! You must dismiss all that, Richard, you know; for

after a day or two, when I have seen what sort of an accountant you make, you will be put in the packing department under your brother Adolphus. Lor' bless you, lad, you will get to like the old house in time so much that there will be no getting you away from it.'

Dick thought within himself, that although he should get to be as old as the Babylon brick, this would never happen, but he kept the reflection within his own bosom.

'And now, my boy, we must not waste our time any longer; please to add up all these several sums in that sheet yonder, and see if you can verify the amounts which I have in my desk.'

So Dick was set to work, and laboured on assiduously till four o'clock, at which hour Mr Ingram Arbour came in with his hat on, and after having received a favourable account of his nephew's exertions, bade him get ready, and come along with him to Golden Square. His uncle and Adolphus walked on rapidly together, and the boy trotted behind them, confused by the unaccustomed throng and din, and keeping to the heels of his unanxious relatives only with the greatest difficulty. After a most exciting run of forty minutes, diversified by perils of crossings, stupendous in Dick's Arcadian eyes, he arrived at his new home.

Golden Square, as most people know, is not a very cheerful spot, from whatever point of view it is regarded; but when approached from the Regent Street side, as it chanced to be in the present instance, it appears, by contrast to that thoroughfare, more especially sombre. The scanty snow too, which still lay here and there on the spouts of the houses and on the brinks of the gutters, intensified the general gloom; and the whole impression given to poor Dick, fresh from Rose Cottage, was, that Golden Square was little better than Darkendim Street. A pretty waiting-maid opened the door, and a nice-looking, and rather stately old lady received them in the hall with a curtsy, and kissed Richard's cheek. 'Excuse the liberty, young sir,' said she; 'but I have been a great many years in your good uncle's house, and my heart is drawn towards those that are of his kith and kin.'

Dick returned the salute with cordiality, as became his genial nature, and was about to extend the sphere of his benevolence to the younger female, when Adolphus, touching his uncle's sleeve, drew his attention to that circumstance, and Mr Ingram Arbour roared out: 'What are you about, sir?' and 'How old, in the name of all the vices, is that boy? Take him into the housekeeper's room, Mrs Trimming, and let him have his tea and cold meat with you—that is to say, if you are not afraid of the young dog. It will never do for a child like that to be dining late every day.'

With this somewhat inconsistent speech, the master of the house and his myrmidon ascended to the upper floors, and the old lady having conducted the lad into a comfortable little sitting-room below the level of the street-pavement, set before him a handsome piece of cold beef and a jug of ale; after which she surveyed him admiringly, through her silver spectacles, for the space of a minute, and then deliberately kissed him again.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOLDEN SQUARE.

For the first week, Richard Arbour bore his transportation to town with equanimity; he liked Mr Mickleham and Mrs Trimming, and saw little of his uncle and brother. When they went down, at the end of the week, to Rose Cottage, leaving him in Golden Square, he thought it rather hard; but the old housekeeper was so kind, and Betsy so tender, that he was not so very miserable after all. But after this exile had lasted for some ten weeks or so, and shifted from the pattern-room to the packing department, he had been exposed day after day to the insolence and cruelty of Adolphus, he began to find

life in Darkendim Street irksome indeed. Appeals to the head of the firm—who was of opinion that all complaints from inferiors against their superiors were alike frivolous and vexatious—he soon found were utterly fruitless; and as for praise from that quarter for the things that he did well and dutifully—he might as well have looked for apricots upon a clothes-prop. Mr Ingram Arbour, who was by no means loth to receive the harvest of a well-spent life himself from the general public, in such titles as Prudent, Well-to-do, Independent, Respectable, and the like, had never been known to bestow a grain of it in the way of encouragement of other people. He prided himself too much upon his practical character to have any respect for the value of fair words. He had become possessed of a foolish saying against them in the connection with the buttering of parsnips, and thought himself rather a philosopher in its application. Most men who are much addicted to proverbs are mentally short-sighted, and our seller of chinaware was in that way a perfect Solomon at second-hand. 'A straw will shew us which way the wind blows,' says the commonplace sage, and never takes into account the place where he finds the straw, and the thousand eddies wherein it is like to be whirled by currents of which he never dreams.

Uncle Ingram and Nephew Richard drifted further and further away from one another daily on the freezing sea of mutual discontent, and we may be sure that a breath from a certain quarter was not wanting to make matters worse between them.

Dick, who was a sharp lad—for all that Messrs Dot and Carriwun thought—could unlock a ward or two of his brother's character already, and with the imprudence of his years had made Adolphus aware of this proficiency. He had been so indiscreet—in a certain altercation at the office concerning the breakage of some little Etruscan pitchers—as to remind that young man of Betsy's having boxed his ears one day, within Dick's hearing, and doubtless for provocation received; and that in a tone of voice which might have been heard in the sentry-box, had Uncle Ingram chanced to be on guard there. Adolphus smiled contemptuously upon the absurd libel at the time, but two chinamen who had been heard to giggle behind a crate, lost their situations, for misconduct, within the week, nor in the end was the disclosure a laughing matter to anybody. Mr Joseph Surface never likes that decent screen to be thrown down which so often stands in the corner of his apartment, whether Lady Teazle be really concealed behind it or not.

On the second Saturday that Richard was left alone in Golden Square, Mrs Trimming entertained company. The respect which Mr Ingram Arbour evidently had for that lady was so high, that Richard never doubted but that the dining-room was used by her that night instead of her own apartment with his full permission; and, indeed, she looked so 'superior' and 'genteel' on the evening in question, that nobody would have ventured to dispute her privilege to sit wherever she pleased. She had a black silk gown on, which stood out in its own right without the aid of crinoline, like cardboard; and the lace that she wore voluminously about her was of that faded, not to say dingy complexion, which is known (very familiarly) as Old Point. The expression upon Mrs Trimming's features, too, was gala-like to an extraordinary degree upon this night of her reception. Dick hardly recognised the staid and stately housekeeper in the animated and joyous old lady who superintended Betsy as she set out supper upon the mighty dining-table—for three. One person only, then, was to come to supper. The boy had expected a dozen guests at least, so tremendous had been the preparations. Who could this distinguished visitor be? thought he, for the sake of whom he had been adjured to put on his Sunday clothes, and in whose honour Betsy wore

as many ribbons as would have served a recruiting party—which, indeed, perhaps she was.

When all the arrangements were completed to her satisfaction, and the clock struck 9 P.M., Mrs Trimming seated herself before the fire with her feet on the fender, and her silk gown furled like a banner on her lap, in the attitude of expectation.

'Betsy,' said she, with great distinctness, 'when Mr Jones—Mr Jones, you know—knocks at the door, tell him who is here; tell him, before he enters, that Master Richard does him the honour of supping with him to-night.'

Dick looked at the raised pie and the lobster upon the well-furnished table, and protested with sincerity that for his part he esteemed it a real pleasure to sup with Mr Jones. His politeness had hitherto prevented him from speaking of the expected visitor, but mention having thus been made of him, he ventured to ask whether Mr Jones was a nice man.

'A nice man!' ejaculated the old lady, with a sudden flush upon her wrinkled countenance. 'Oh, I forgot; you do not know him; how should you, my poor boy? Well, he is generally considered rather nice, I believe; is he not, Betsy?'

'O yes, ma'am,' replied that domestic; 'he is so beautiful, and so genteel-like, and so kind; and then there's nothing like pride about Mr Jones neither, who has been everywhere, and done such a many things. In fact, for my part—though I'm only a servant, ma'am, and no judge—I never set eyes on any person to at all come up to Mr Jones in any way.'

Mrs Trimming rubbed her white hands softly together, and nodded her head, as if keeping time with these commendations; and when they were concluded, looked at Dick with sparkling eyes, as though she would ask him what he thought of Mr Jones now.

It is a little difficult to be enthusiastic about people that we have never seen—although, judging from the expectations of many persons in all classes of society, it would seem to be one of the easiest performances of the human mind—and Dick could only reiterate his satisfaction at the opportunity which was about to be afforded to him of making the acquaintance of this paragon.

'That's his step, Betsy,' cried the old lady suddenly: 'run to the door, Betsy; quick.'

'Please, ma'am, I think it's only the placeman as'—

The old lady shook her head with a smile as a double rap at the door, which seemed to shake the house, and give the Square assurance of a gentleman, cut short this incredulous speech.

'I think I ought to know his step by this time,' quoth Mrs Trimming tenderly.

There was a little whispering in the hall, interrupted by a 'Never mind, Betsy; who the dickens cares?' in ringing cheery tones; and in strode the guest of the evening. He was a handsome well-built young man enough, of some nine-and-twenty years of age—unless his genial manner lightened him of a year or two—but not of such a surpassing loveliness, as Dick thought, as to excuse Mrs Trimming, at her time of life, for throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him on both his cheeks.

'Mr Jones is a very old friend of mine,' observed she in extenuation, and when she had got back her breath again. 'I daresay you thought it very odd that I should do such a thing as that, Master Richard, and older still that such a handsome young fellow should salute me again.'

Dick gallantly hastened to say, that he saw nothing out of the course of nature in the proceeding, at all, for that he himself cherished the remembrance of that embrace which had been bestowed upon him by Mrs Trimming on the day of his arrival most warmly: whereat Mr Jones observed, approvingly, that he was a jolly little chap, and the three sat down to supper, excellent friends.

There was, however, one disturbing thought in the mind of Dick that came between his appetite and the raised pie, and interfered with his acquaintanceship with the lobster again and again! Where had he seen this Mr Jones before, and under what previous circumstances? He could not have been the medical gentleman who had ushered him into the world thirteen years ago and more, for that would have presumed him to have obtained the right of exercising that delicate function at the early age of fifteen or sixteen; and besides, Dick had always heard that Dr Neverasleep had been the master of that situation: and yet it was somehow with a baby that Mr Jones was associated in Dick's mind. With a baby and with a baptism—yes, so far so good; but not with *his* baptism, for the parson of the parish—as he had a silver mug with that reverend gentleman's name upon it to prove—had 'stood' for him, as second sponsor, and not Mr Jones. Dick was endeavouring to remember whether he had ever been at the christening of anybody else except himself, when the mysterious stranger cut short his meditations with, 'Come, young gentleman, let us have a glass of wine together.'

The voice was entirely strange to him, and seemed to break the spell—to loosen and throw into confusion the links out of which his memory was striving to construct a connected chain. It was good, however, to listen to Mr Jones for other reasons. For so apparently young a man, his experience was amazingly large, and whatever he had to tell of, he narrated well, and even brilliantly. He had been a sailor; and he made Dick long for the blue expanse of ocean lying dreamy under the tropic sky, and anon, wild with fury, climbing, white-lipped, up the reeling vessel's side; he spoke of the islands of the West, where fruit, and flower, and bird were, as Dick's literature led him to believe, as they ought to be, till the lad longed for those Eden bowers, and loathed the tethered and inadventurous life that he himself was doomed to lead. Betsy, who had tacitly obtained permission to remain in the room, drank in these wonders with open mouth and eyes; and Mrs Trimming listened to them with the delighted look of one whose admiration is too great to give place to interest, and who draws her proudest pleasure from the rapt faces of her fellow-listeners. Thus the time swiftly passed, and it was high midnight when Mr Jones suddenly rose up, exclaiming: 'You have made me chatter so that I have clean forgotten my pipe. I suppose I may go down stairs as usual?'

Master Richard Arbour took up his chamber candlestick with a sigh.

'Would you like to keep me company, young gentleman?' observed the visitor, perceiving his disinclination to depart. 'When I was your age, I smoked a pipe myself. Let him sit up for me, instead of Betsy, madam, and lock the front door after me? We shan't be twenty minutes altogether.'

'Oh, please do let me, Mrs Trimming,' entreated the lad.

To which the old lady replied, first, that nothing could induce her to suffer anything of the sort to be done, and that if it was done, she would be unworthy to fill the responsible situation which she occupied in that house for ever afterwards; and secondly, that she could never refuse Mr Jones anything, and that his young friend might do as he liked.

So the two retired to Mrs Trimming's ordinary sitting-room; and Mr Jones not only filled his own pipe with a pleasant but powerful mixture of tobacco, but endowed Master Richard with another, furnished with Turkish Latakia, or, as he himself expressed it, 'mother's milk.' Under the influence of this novel narcotic and Mr Jones's stirring narrations, the lad passed much such an evening as an imaginative young Persian may be supposed to do on his first introduction to hashish. Only whenever Mr Jones made pause, if it were but

to take a momentary sip at his gin and water, and the voice of the charmer ceased, again Dick's brain would revert to the inquiry of, *Where have I seen this man before, and how is it that I know that face so well?* He had certainly seen him christened, or at a christening—that was a settled matter, and might be put aside; but had he not also seen him being married, or giving in marriage somebody else? Nay, at a funeral, too—it couldn't have been at papa's funeral, for Dick had been but a baby when that happened—but at some funeral, somewhere, he had most certainly beheld Mr Jones, with his hat off, standing by the grave-side in the open air—The front door was open, and the cold night-wind blowing freely upon his brow when Dick got thus far.

'You feel better now, lad?' Mr Jones was saying, in the voice that was so strange to the lad's ear—'you feel better now, don't you? You should never swallow your smoke, my young friend, nor drink your gin and water out of the spoon. Good-night, Dick; I shall see you again soon. Now, mind, when I shut the door, you must put up the chain directly. There!'

A tremendous bang echoed through the house—the protest of a respectable door, bearing such a name as Ingram Arbour upon it, at being unlawfully slammed at three o'clock upon a Sabbath morning—and Master Richard reached his sleeping-apartment by a series of tackings and lurches, and got into bed with his boots on.

OSCULATION.

WHEN a fair correspondent inquired of the 'British Apollo,' why kissing was so much in fashion, what benefit was derived from it, and who was its inventor, the oracle answered: 'Ah, madam, had you a lover, you would not come to Apollo for a solution; since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, it is certain Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship.' Apollo was right. We indignantly scout the assertions of those unromantic individuals who maintain, that in the desire of the suspicious ancients to test their wives' and daughters' sobriety, originated a practice reprobated by Socrates the philosopher, Cato the censor, Ambrose the saint, and Bunyan the tinker, and lauded by lyrist and lovers from the beginning of time.

Our tattooed progenitors must have been barbarians indeed, if we are to believe the Scandinavian tradition, that kissing was an exotic pleasure introduced into this island by Rowena, the beautiful daughter of Hengist the Saxon. At a banquet given by the British monarch in honour of his allies, the princess, after pressing the brimming beaker to her lips, saluted the astonished and delighted Vortigern with a little kiss, after the manner of her own people. So well did this novel importation thrive under the cloudy skies of England, that from being an occasional luxury, it soon became an everyday enjoyment, and the English were celebrated far and near as a kissing people; and not without reason, for our ancestors did nothing by halves. In Edward IV.'s reign, a guest was expected on his arrival, and also on his departure, to salute not only his hostess, but all the ladies of the family. This pretty piece of civility not a little astonished a Greek visitor to the court of bluff King Hal. So widely spread was the osculatory reputation of Englishmen, that when Wolsey's biographer visited a French nobleman at his chateau, the mistress of the mansion entering the room with her bery of attendant maidens, thus accosted her husband's guest: 'Forasmuch as ye be an Englishman, whose custom it is in your country to kiss all ladies and gentlewomen without offence, and although it be not so here in this realm, yet will I be so bold as to kiss you, and so shall all my maidens.' A promise no sooner made

than redeemed, to the inexpressible satisfaction of Cavendish.

How prettily does Shakspeare's Helena beg a kiss of her uncouth, churlish husband!

'I am not worthy of the wealth I own;
Nor dare I say 'tis mine; and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own.'

'What would you have?'
'Something; and scarce so much;—nothing, indeed—
I would not tell you what I would, my lord—faith, yes—
Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kiss.'

From the conclusion of the poor damsel's appeal, we might infer that some degree of intimacy preceded admission to the sweet privilege, had we not contemporary evidence to the contrary. In a story founded on the same plot as *Cymbeline*, we are told how the Iachimo of the tale lay at Waltham a whole day before he caught sight of the lady; when, seeing her in a field, he went up to her, and kissed her—'a thing no modest woman can deny.' The practice was in full vigour when Erasmus sojourned in the land, and wrote enthusiastically in its commendation: 'If you go to any place, you are received with a kiss by all; if you depart on a journey, you are dismissed with a kiss; you return—kisses are exchanged; they come to visit you—a kiss the first thing; they leave you—you kiss them all round. Do they meet you anywhere?—kisses in abundance. Lastly, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses—and if you had but once tasted them! how soft they are! how fragrant! on my honour, you would wish not to reside here for ten years only, but for life!' Ladies then used kissing-comfits of amber-grease to sweeten their breath! When the Constable of Castile visited the English court after the accession of James I., proud and pompous as the Spaniard was, he was right well pleased to bestow a kiss on Anne of Denmark's pretty maids of honour, 'according to the custom of the country, any neglect of which is taken as an affront.' Clever Christina of Sweden, taking her ladies to dine with Cromwell's ambassador, commanded him to teach her suite the English mode of salutation—an order readily obeyed by Whitelock, who, after a few coy and 'pretty defences,' found his pupils apt scholars, their lips readily obeying his instructions. Tom Carew, one of the mob of gentlemen who wrote at ease, and very free and easily into the bargain, declares kissing an infallible cure for the toothache. It was then a common salutation between men, although we do not suppose Tom's prescription referred to male kisses. It was also a common civility in Paris, according to St Evremont, because kisses were commodities costing nothing, never wearing out, and always to be had in abundance. In England, it gradually declined, not in consequence of the efforts of the inspired tinker, who abhorred the uncomely practice, and who was wont to put down those who urged in defence that it was merely a civility, by asking them, 'Why they made baulks? Why they saluted the most handsome, and let the ill-favoured ones go?' but because it grew unfashionable in France. It was still in some vogue under William and Mary, but we find Rustic Sprightly complaining to the *Spectator*, that since the unhappy arrival in his neighbourhood of a courtier who was contented with a profound bow, no young gentleman had been kissed, though previously he had been accustomed, upon entering a room, to salute the ladies all round.

In olden time, a kiss was the fee exacted by every gentleman from his partner in the dance:

What fool would dance
If that, when dance is done,
He may not have at lady's lip
That which in dance he won!

Ariel sings: 'Curtsied when you have and kissed;' and Henry says to Anne Boleyn:

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiss you!

Then there were 'kissing dances,' in some of which, when the fiddler thought the dancers had had enough music, he sounded two notes, which all understood to mean 'kiss her!' In others, the kissing took place while the dancers were in full career, when the gentlemen were compelled to dwell on the lips of their partners almost a minute, or they would be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of tune. Custom still warrants stealing a kiss from a sleeping beauty at any season, and from waking ones under the Christmas misletoe. In Russia, kisses are Easter offerings. There every member of a family salutes every other member; acquaintances greet each other with a kiss; public employés salute their principals and one another; the general embraces the officers of his corps; the colonel those of his regiment and a deputation from the ranks; while the captain kisses all the soldiers of his company. The czar salutes his family, retinue, court, and attendants; pays a similar compliment to his officers on parade, the sentinels at the palace gates, and a select party of private soldiers. In some parts, anybody may be compelled to kiss anybody else; the poorest serf meeting a high-born dame in the street has but to say: 'Christ is risen,' and he will receive a kiss, and 'He is truly risen,' in reply. In Finland, if Bayard Taylor is to be credited, the women have a curious aversion to what the sex usually receive with complacency, if not pleasure. A Finnish matron, on hearing that it was a common thing in England for man and wife to kiss, expressed great disgust thereat, declaring emphatically that if her husband dared to take such a liberty, she would give him a box on the ears he would feel for a month!

In the eyes of our law, kissing a lady against her will, or without her permission (terms not exactly synonymous), is a common assault punishable by fine or imprisonment; penalties not always sufficient to deter susceptible men from yielding to rosy temptation.

In France, by the code of regulations by which the theatres are governed, any actor kissing an actress without her consent is liable to a fine of so many francs. The husband of a popular French actress brought the stage-lover before the tribunal for having committed the offence to a most alarming and unwarrantable extent. The defendant at first pleaded consent of the lady; this being disproved, he audaciously offered to settle the matter by returning the kisses:

'Dearest beauty, you complain
That I killed you with a kiss;
O then, take it back again,
Lest I justly curse my bliss'—

a mode of payment of course indignantly rejected by the plaintiff. We do not know what the London green-room law is on this pleasant question—the practice on the stage varies considerably. In general, stage salutes are most palpable make-believes; one popular comedian never trusts his face within kissing-range, but then his wife generally plays in the same piece, so he may have good reason for his caution; others we could name, who, providing the kisser be fair, take the benefit of the act; and we remember seeing an actor, taking advantage of a favourable opportunity, salute a pretty actress, although there was no stage direction to justify him—a piece of 'gag' which the lady very properly accepted as the cue for as unequivocal a box on the ear as ever fair hands administered.

Every one knows how Margaret of Scotland kissed the ugly and sleeping Chartier, and how she justified

her taste by declaring, that a mouth from which such a profusion of wit had proceeded needed no other grace to make it beautiful. Voltaire, too, had the honour of being publicly kissed in the stage-box by the young and lovely Duchesse de Villars; but in his case the lady gave the salute not of her own free-will, but in obedience to the commands of the pit, mad with enthusiasm for the poet's *Merope*.

Kissing the pope's toe was a fashion introduced by one of the Leos, who had mutilated his right hand. Kissing hands was a regal ceremony practised at least as early as the days of Caligula. When the gallant cardinal, John of Lorraine, was presented to the Duchess of Savoy, she gave him her hand to kiss, greatly to the indignation of the irate churchman. 'How, madam!' exclaimed he; 'am I to be treated in this manner? I kiss the queen my mistress, who is the greatest queen in the world, and shall I not kiss you, a dirty little duchess? I would have you know I have kissed as handsome ladies, and of as great or greater family than you!' Without more ado, he made for the lips of the proud Portuguese princess, and despite her resistance, kissed her thrice on her mouth before he released her with an exultant laugh. Cardinal John was apparently of one mind with Selden, who thought 'to kiss ladies' hands after their lips, as some do, is like little boys, who, after they eat the apple, fall to the paring.' When Charles II. was making his triumphal progress through the land, certain country ladies who were presented to him, instead of kissing the royal hand, in their simplicity held up their own heads to be kissed by the king—a blunder no one would more readily excuse than the Merry Monarch.

Kisses, says Sam Slick, are like creation, because they are made out of nothing, and are very good. A countryman of the Clockmaker conjugates the verb thus: Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sillibus, the hand instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss everybody in the room; rebuss, to kiss in the dark. Kissing one's own sister has been aptly likened to eating a veal sandwich; carrying out the comparison, kissing one's cousin—unless she be a particular cousin, one coming under the denomination 'dangerous'—may be considered equivalent to discussing a beef sandwich; and the chaste salute snatched from the lips of the lass we love, to the piquante, appetite-provoking combination of ham, mustard, and bread.

It is upon record that the woods of Madeira, or at anyrate the people in them, once trembled at a kiss; and that the Scotch parson kissed the fiddler's wife, and could not preach for thinking of it, a notable instance of sweetness long drawn out. An old treatise on the Pleasures of Matrimony and its preliminary Courtship, assures us that when a lady condescends to treat her lover by letting him taste the charming cherries of her lips, and suck from thence the fragrant breath that far exceeds Arabia's rich perfume, the privilege wraps the happy man in such pleasure that he imagines he is in Elysium! But this is flat, stale, and unprofitable, compared with the effect of a kiss upon the hero of a modern German novel—'Sophia returned my kiss, and the earth went from under my feet; my soul was no longer in my body; I touched the stars. I knew the happiness of the seraphim!' Poor fellow! it must have been a sad thing for him when he landed on the *terra firma* of matrimony.

Kissing, like the rest of the good things of life, should be indulged in in moderation. The ruddiest lip cloys with too much kissing. Young ladies may justly hold in contempt the man who can number his kisses, and take the poet's word for it, that he will be content with few; but we agree with the lassie in the play, that 'waste not, want not, applies to kisses as well as to siller;' and such a prodigal as the jovial

vicar, who, not satisfied with obtaining a kiss, asks the lady to add to that a score—

Then to that twenty add a hundred more;
A thousand to that hundred; so kiss on
To make that thousand up a million;
Treble that million, and when that is done,
Let's kiss afresh, as when we first begun!

deserved never again to taste the cherry ripe he so prettily sang.

Since kissing for good-manners' sake became a fashion of the past, kissing has gone by favour; so if any of our fair readers will blow a kiss to us, we will blow a kiss to them, and they may do so with perfect safety, for we never kiss and tell.

AN ARCTIC WINTER TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

OUR brave old adventurers seem to have been very loyal, and great observers of saints' days. The 1st of March, being St David's Day, was kept as a holiday, and they 'prayed for his Highness Charles Prince of Wales.' In the course of the month, several attempts were made to capture deer, but on each occasion the hunters returned without success, and almost dead of cold. The carpenter was by this time very sickly, yet persevered in setting up the framework of the pin-nace, and Captain James gives a vivid idea of the extreme difficulties under which wood was procured for the purpose of making floor and futtock timbers. The men who 'were appointed to look for crooked timber did stalk and wade, sometimes on all-four, through the snow, and when they saw a tree likely to fit the mould, they must heave away the snow, to see if it would fit the mould; if not, they must seek further. If it did fit the mould, they made a fire to it to thaw it, otherwise it could not be cut. Then they cut it down, and fitted it to the length of the mould, and dragged it a mile through the snow.' Although they lived in a wood, they seem to have had hard work to keep up a good supply of fuel, owing principally to the lack of suitable tools for cutting down trees. The 1st of April was kept holy, being Easter Day, and the weak and diminished crew 'reasoned together' about their condition. There were five men, including the carpenter, quite helpless; the boatswain and others very infirm; and of all the rest, only five could eat of their ordinary food. The season had advanced, but it was cold as ever. The pinnacle was not in a forward state, and the carpenter was shelved. 'After much arguing,' they resolved to dig the ice out of the sunk vessel the first warm weather that came. On the 6th, was the deepest snow they had hitherto had; and until the 16th the weather continued extremely severe, and the spring was frozen harder at its source than ever before. Then came a comfortable sunshiny day, which enabled them to clear the upper decks of the *Henrietta Maria* of snow, and to make a fire in the great cabin, and to dig the anchor up out of the ice. They also dug to find the missing rudder, but without avail. On the 19th, the master and two others asked leave to sleep on board, by which they 'avoided the hearing the miserable groans and lamentations of the sick men, who endured (poor souls) intolerable torments.' By the 19th, they had dug so far down in the hold, that they saw a cask, and some water; and five days later succeeded in getting out the cask, and found it full of very good beer, 'which

did much rejoice us all, especially the sick men, notwithstanding it did taste a little of bilge-water.' This gave them heart to work away at clearing out the ice, and stopping the holes which they had cut to sink the vessel. By continually pouring hot water down the pumps, they melted the ice in them, and got them to work. As a drawback to this cheering labour, the poor carpenter was now beyond hope of recovery, and several of the men in a most miserable state.

It rained all day long on the 29th, which they hailed as a sure sign that winter was about to break up. The next day, however, was very cold with snow and hail, and it pinched the sick men more than at any previous time. It is pleasant to learn that they remembered it was May-day Eve, so 'made a good fire, and chose ladies, and did ceremoniously wear their names in our caps, endeavouring to revive ourselves by any means.' Poor fellows! much had they yet to endure ere they saw Old England again, and that was the last May-day Eve some of them were ever to spend.

The *Henrietta Maria* was amply provisioned on sailing with beef, pork, fish, &c., and Captain James gives an interesting account how they had dieted themselves all along. But after Christmas, many of the crew were unable to eat any solid food, and subsisted on meal fried in oil, and pease boiled to a soft paste. Water was almost the sole drink throughout the winter. It is noteworthy what a few animals and birds were trapped and shot; in all the winter, only a few partridges were shot, and about a dozen foxes were trapped. One of the latter was taken alive, and being killed and boiled, 'made broth for the weakest of the sick men, who ate the flesh also.' Several of the crew were helpless as babes, and all suffered more or less from scurvy, which they had no remedy against but such herbs and grasses as they could pick up. 'I ever feared,' says the narrator, 'that we should be weakest in the spring, and therefore had reserved a tun of Alicante wine unto this time. Of this, by putting seven parts of water to one of wine, we made some weak beverage which was little better than water, the wine, being frozen, having lost its virtue. The weaker sort had a pint of Alicante a day by itself, and a little dram of such poor aqua vite as we had, every morning, next their hearts.' The first few days of the 'merry month o' May' it snowed and blew, and was unexpectedly cold, so that the sick men got worse and worse, and fainted when taken out of bed, and it was 'much ado to fetch life in them.' On the 4th, the captain and surgeon went forth to try and shoot some wild-fowl for the sick men, but they found the birds so extremely shy, that 'they would not endure to see anything move'—a peculiarity we should not have expected in such a locality.

On the 6th, John Warden, chief-mate, died, and was buried in the evening 'in the most Christian manner we could, upon the top of a bare hill of sand.' On the 9th, they got up five barrels of beef and pork from the vessel's hold, and found their four butts of beer, and one of cider. These liquida had lain under water all winter, but proved nothing the worse on that account, and, devoutly remarks Captain James, 'God make us ever thankful for the comfort it gave us.' By the 12th, they had cleared all the ice out of the hold, and found the spare shoes, the temporary loss of which had caused them much suffering. They lowered into the hold the cables, and a butt of wine which had been on the upper deck all winter, and still remained firmly frozen. They began to refit the ship, hoping she would yet prove staunch and seaworthy—an opinion which the carpenter strongly controverted, arguing that in the spot where she reposed, the ice had filled up her leaks, and thus kept out water for the present, but that when she was in motion again, they would doubtless open: in

fact, they could even now see through her seams between wind and water.

The 13th being the Sabbath, the diminished crew solemnly gave thanks to God for 'those hopes and comforts we daily had,' and on this day they saw some bare patches of land where the snow had disappeared—an exhilarating sight to men in their position. They were now chiefly concerned for the missing rudder, and the reflection that, as their bark lay in the very strength of the tideway, the floating ice, whenever it broke up, might complete the destruction of the already shattered vessel. They next looked up the rigging, which was much injured by the ice, and the cooper prepared casks to help to buoy up the ship, if necessary. Some of the men were sent forth to try and shoot fowl for the sick men, who were worse and worse.

There is a brief yet interesting entry in the captain's journal on the 15th. 'I manured a little patch of ground that was bare of snow, and sowed it with pease, hoping to have some of the herbs [leaves] of them shortly to eat, for as yet we can find no green thing to comfort us.' The next entry is a melancholy one. 'The 18th, our carpenter, William Cole, died, a man generally bemoaned by us all, as much for his innate goodness as for the present necessity we had for a man of his profession. He had endured a long sickness with much patience, and made a very godly end. In the evening, we buried him by Mr Warden, accompanied with as many as could go, for three more of our principal men lay then expecting a good hour.' The poor carpenter, we learn, before he became too weak for any exertion, had made the frame of the pinnace ready to be bolted and treenailed, so that the survivors might plank her after his death. This pinnace was twenty-seven feet long, ten feet breadth of beam, and five feet of hold; burden, twelve or fourteen tons.

A very singular discovery was made on the evening of the carpenter's burial. It will be recollected that, many months previously, the gunner had been committed to the sea, in deep water, and a good distance from the ship; but the master, returning on board the evening of this 18th of May, discovered what he believed to be some portion of the gunner's body alongside, just under the gun-room ports. The next day, they dug the corpse out of the ice, the head being downwards, and the heel upwards, 'for he had but one leg, and the plaster was yet at his wound.' The body was perfectly fresh, and time had 'wrought this only alteration on him, that his flesh would slip up and down upon his bones, like a glove on a man's hand. In the evening, we buried him by the others.' The fact that the dead body of the gunner had drifted a great distance, and finally settled and froze fast close under the gun-room ports (his special station aboard in life), seems a most remarkable incident, although Captain James makes no comment whatever upon it.

'The snow,' says Captain James, 'was by this time pretty well wasted in the woods; and we having a high tree on the highest place of the island, which we called our Watch-tree, from the top of it could see into the sea, but saw no appearance of breaking-up yet. The 20th, being Whitsunday, we sadly solemnised. The next day was the warmest sunshiny day that came this year. I sent two a-fowling; and myself, the master, surgeon, and one more, with our pieces and dogs, went into the woods, and wandering eight miles from the house, returned comfortless, not finding an herb or a leaf that was eatable. Our fowlers had as bad success. The snow in the woods was partly wasted away, and the ponds were almost unthawed, but the sea appeared all firm frozen. The snow doth not melt here with the sun or rain, and so make land-floods, as in England, but is exhaled up by the sun, and sucked full of holes, like honeycombs, so that the land whereon it lies will not be at

all wetted. We observed, also, that let it rain never so much, we had no land-floods after it. The 22d we went aboard the ship, and found that she had made so much water that it was now risen above the ballast, which made us doubt again of her soundness. We fell to pumping, and pumped her quite dry. We had now sometimes such hot glooms that we could not endure the sun, and yet in the night it would freeze very hard. This unnaturalness of the season tormented our men, that they grew worse and worse daily. The 23d, our boatswain, a painful man, having been long sick, which he had heartily resisted, was taken with such a pain in one of his thighs, that we verily thought he would presently have died. He kept his bed all day in great extremity; and it was a maxim among us, that if any one kept his bed two days, he could rise no more. *This made every man strive to keep up for life.*

May 24th proved a very warm sunny day, which melted the ice along-shore, and caused the frozen surface of the bay to crack all over with a fearful sound. In the afternoon, the captain perceived that the ice ebbed by the ship, and to save her from injury, he instantly ordered the master to sink her again (in a way previously arranged), and to look out for the still missing rudder. The latter was found by a man pecking up the ice, and hoisted on board. The drift-ice meantime rose into high heaps, and they were forced to cut away twenty fathoms of cable, which was fast frozen in the ice. After awhile, the ice settled again. 'This,' ejaculates the worthy captain, 'was a joyful day to us all; and we gave God thanks for the hopes we had of it.' On the 26th, the captain and the surgeon went to the bay where the seaman, John Barton, had been drowned the previous year, by incautiously walking over weak ice, hoping to find his body; but in this they were disappointed. The 29th was Prince Charles's birthday, which they loyally kept as a holiday, hoisting their colours both on board the vessel and ashore, and named their houses ashore Charles Town, 'by contraction Charlton, and the island Charlton Island.' The next day, the ice had so far melted that the boat could freely pass from the shore to the grounded ship.

We will once more let our fine, quaint, old mariner speak for himself: 'The last of this month [May] we found on the beach some vetches, appearing out of the ground, which I caused to be picked up and boiled for our sick men. This day we had filled all our rigging and sails, and it being a very hot day, we dried and new made all our fish in the sun, and aired all our other provisions. There was not a man of us at present able to eat of our salt provisions, but myself and the master of my ship. It may be here remembered that all this winter we had not been troubled with any rheums or phlegmatic diseases. June, the four first days it did snow, hail, and blow very hard, and was so cold that the ponds of water did freeze over, and the water in our cans did freeze in the very house. Our clothes, also, that had been washed and hung out to dry, did not thaw all day. The 5th, it continued blowing very hard on the broadside of the ship, which did make her to swag and wallow in her dock, and much shake her although she was sunk; the ice withal did drive against her, and give her many fearful blows. I resolved to endeavour to hang the rudder, and when God sent us water (notwithstanding the abundance of ice that was yet about us), to have her further off. In the afternoon, we under-run our small cable to our anchor, which lay astern in deep water, and with some difficulty got it up. . . . The 6th, we went about to hang our rudder, and our young lustiest men took turns to go into the water, and rake away the sand; but they were not able to endure the cold of it half a quarter of an hour, it was so mortifying, and would make them swoon away. We brought it to the stern post, but were then fain to give it over, being able to

work at it no longer. Then we plugged up the upper holes within board, and pumped out the water again.'

By the 8th, they had got the vessel to float at high-water, though she was still 'docked' in the sand to the depth of four feet. This necessitated heaving overboard the ballast to lighten her, which they did, and also sent all weighty articles ashore. The beneficial effects of the green vetches was now very apparent, the feeblest of the sick men being able to walk about. Twice daily they gathered the leaves of these herbs, and ate them boiled, with the condiments of oil and vinegar, or raw with bread, according to their individual tastes. The 16th June was 'wondrous hot,' so that the men bathed in pools on shore, 'yet was the water very cold still.' By this time, bears, foxes, and wild-fowl had all disappeared, and immense swarms of ants came forth. The air was full of flies of various kinds, and there was an 'infinite abundance of bloodthirsty mosquitoes,' which grievously tormented the men. Frogs also appeared in the ponds, but 'we durst not eat them, they looked so speckled like toads.' A French crew would have ventured! Taking advantage of a high tide on the 17th, they succeeded in getting their vessel fairly afloat; and after they had moored her, 'went all to prayers, and gave God thanks for giving us our ship again.' They got her off in a happy hour, for it was the highest tide they ever experienced.

Climbing the Watch-tree on the 19th, the captain was delighted to see open water for the first time, which made him reckon the icy surface would soon break up for good and all. They were still unable to heave the vessel into deep water on account of the ice. In the midst of entries about the ice and shipping stores, we light on a very curious passage. 'Whereas,' saith the matter-of-fact writer, 'I had formerly cut down a very high tree, and made a cross of it, I now fastened to the upper part the pictures of the king and queen, drawn to the life, and so closely wrapped in double lead, that no weather could hurt them. Betwixt them I affixed his majesty's royal title. . . . On the outside of the lead I fastened a shilling and a sixpence of his majesty's coin; under that we fastened the king's arms, fairly cut in lead, and under that the arms of the city of Bristol; and this being Midsummer Day, we raised it on the top of a bare hill, where we had buried our men.' The vessel now was for awhile in great danger of being lost by the masses of ice that a hard wind brought against her. By the 25th, all the provisions were on board, and they began to rig the ship for her homeward voyage.

An extraordinary and unlooked-for accident happened at this period, which jeopardised the captain's life. It is worth giving in his own words:

'At ten at night, when it was somewhat dark, I took a lance in my hand, and one with me a musket and some fire, and went to our Watch-tree, to make a fire on the most eminent place of the island, to see if it would be answered. Such fires I had formerly made, to try if there were any savages on the main[land], or the islands about us. Had there been any, my purpose was to have gone to them, to get intelligence of some Christians, or some ocean-sea thereabouts. When I came to the tree, I laid down my lance, and so did my consort his musket, and while I climbed up to the top of the tree, I ordered him to put fire to some low tree thereabouts. He unadvisedly put fire to some trees that were to windward, so that they and all the rest being very dry, took fire like flax, and the wind blowing it towards me, I hastened down the tree; but before I was half-way down, the fire took in the bottom of it, and blazed so fiercely upwards, that I was forced to leap off the tree, and with much ado escaped burning. The moss on the ground was as dry as flax, and would run like a train along the earth. The musket and lance were both burned. My consort at last came to me, and was joyful to see

me, for he thought verily I had been burned; and thus we returned together, leaving the fire increasing, and still burning most furiously. At break of day I went again to the hills, from whence I saw it still burning most vehemently both to the westward and northward, but could see no answer of it. Leaving one upon the hills to watch it, I came home immediately, and made them take down our new suit of sails, and carry them to the sea-side, ready to be cast in if occasion were. About noon the wind shifted northerly, and our sentinel came running home, bringing us word that the fire did follow hard at his heels like a train of powder. It was no need to bid us take down and carry all away to the sea-side. The fire came towards us with a most terrible rattling noise, bearing a full mile in breadth, and by that time we had uncovered our houses, and laid haul on our last things, the fire had seized our town, and in a trice burned it down to the ground. We lost nothing of any value, having brought all away into a place of security. Our dogs, in this combustion, would sit down on their tails and howl, and then run into the sea on the shoals, and there stay. This night we lay altogether aboard ship, and gave God thanks that had shipped us in her again.*

From this time to the end of June, the now inspirited crew worked with a will, preparing their recovered bark for sea, and their present confidence in her sea-worthiness is curiously shewn by the incidental remark, that they cut to pieces the framework of their unfinished pinnacle for firewood! And another significant sign of the increased heartiness of the crew is the captain's bitter complaints of the mosquitoes,* which, he avows, tormented them worse than ever the extreme cold weather had done. To protect themselves from the mosquitoes, they tore up an old ensign, and made bags of it to put their heads in: 'yet, notwithstanding, they would find ways and means to sting us.' The ice had now cleared out of the bay, and Captain James gives an intelligible and interesting explanation of the manner in which ice accumulates to a vast thickness. 'First,' says he, 'you must know that it does not freeze naturally above six feet, as we found by experience in digging to our anchors: the rest is by accident, such as that ice here which is six fathom thick. When the heat increases in May, it thaws first on the shoals by the shore-side, and then the courses of the tides do so shake the main ice that it cracks and breaks; and having thus got room for motion, one piece of it runs upon another, until it come to a vast thickness. The season in this sandy country is most unnatural, for in the daytime it will be so hot as not to be endured in the sun, and in the night again it will freeze an inch thick in the ponds and tubs in and about our house, and all this towards the end of June.' The first day of July was quite an era to the isolated mariners. We shall quote Captain James's own simple, touching statement, only remarking how he and others before him had anticipated the modern system of arctic explorers in leaving records of their progress for the information of any who may come after them.

'July the 1st, being Sunday, we adorned our ship the best we could, our ensign on the poop, and the king's colours on the main-top. I had provided a short narrative of all the passages of our voyage to this day, in what state we were at present, and how I intended to prosecute the discovery both to the westward and the southward, concluding with a request to any noble-minded traveller that should take it down, that if we should perish in the action, then to make our endeavours known to our sovereign lord the king; and thus with our arms, drum, and

colours, *cook and kettle*, we went ashore, and first marched up to our eminent cross, adjoining to which we had buried our dead fellows, where we read morning-prayer, and then walked up and down till dinner-time. After dinner we walked to the highest hills to see which way the fire had wasted; we descried that it had consumed to the westward 16 miles at least, and the whole breadth of the island; it could not come near our cross and dead, being upon a bare sandy hill. After evening-prayer, as I walked along the beach, I found an herb resembling scurvy-grass, which we boiled with our meat at supper: it was excellently good, and far better than our vetches. After supper we all went to seek and gather more of it, and got about two bushels, which much refreshed us; and now the sun was set, and the boat come ashore for us, whereupon we assembled and went up to take the last view of our dead.'

On Monday, the 2d day of July 1632, all preparations being completed for the final departure, the last anchor was tripped, and the crew went to prayers, 'beseeching God to continue his mercy to us, and rendering him thanks for having thus restored us.' The *Henrietta Maria* appeared tight, and was yet abundantly supplied with the provisions she had brought out from England. She was steered westward until they saw the mainland, all ice-bound, and then stood off to the northward. On the 4th, the fog was so dense that they could not see a pistol-shot distance, and from that time to the 22d, they beat about, not knowing where they were, nor where to steer, so beset and baffled were they by fogs and ice. The poor old bark struck the ice daily, and cracked as though going to pieces. Sometimes, when they had moored her for the night to a great sheet of ice, storms broke it up, and they were driven to and fro, and beat fearfully about; at other times, the ice accumulated high as the poop—and a couple of centuries ago, vessels were built with marvellous lofty poops—and huge masses would strike the bilge of the vessel with such force as to make her leak. The worst was, the crew began to grow dispirited, and murmured, saying, writes the intrepid old captain, 'that those were happy that I had buried, and that if they had a thousand pounds, they would give it, so they lay fairly by them; for we (said they) are destined to starve upon a piece of ice. I was forced to endure all with patience, and to comfort them again when I had them in a better humour.'

On the 22d they sighted a cape they had previously named after their vessel, and landed on it, with their arms and dogs. They set up a cross on an eminence, with the royal arms, and those of Bristol, and then hunted about a dozen deer, 'very goodly beasts;' but the latter ran away from the dogs 'at pleasure.' The dogs were tired out, and the men also, for the fleet deer never permitted them to approach within gunshot. All they got were a few young geese, caught by wading to them in pools, and their anger was excited against the dogs, which they had kept all the year at a great inconvenience, 'and had pardoned them many misdemeanours (for they would steal our meat out of the steeping-tubs), in hopes that they might hereafter do us some service, and seeing they now did not, and that there was no hope they could hereafter, I left them ashore.' They made sail to the north-west, and suffered much from drift-ice, which made the vessel very leaky. The danger from ice increased daily, until August 9, so that the captain prepared the vessel for sinking again, if he should deem that extreme measure necessary to insure her safety. In drifting about, they broke their sheet-anchor shank on the rocky bottom, being compelled to creep along shore, because the ice was so thick in the offing, that they could not force a way through it. They continued battling with the ice for the space of six weeks, for it melted so slowly that they could hardly notice its diminution. In the

* It is a popular error to imagine these most bloodthirsty insects to be only in vigour in tropical latitudes. The far North swarms with them in summer, and even in the vicinity of the North Cape of Lapland they are ferocious, as we can personally attest.

month of August the captain made an experiment on the ice, by cutting out pieces two feet square, and placing them in the boat, where the sun shone strongly on them, and yet they did not melt in less than eight or ten days.

By the 26th of the month, ice appeared in every direction, which induced Captain James to hold a consultation with the surviving officers as to whether they should continue to prosecute the object of their voyage—the discovery of a North-west Passage—or at once to make the best of their way homeward. These officers gave their joint opinions in a wordy written document, which runs up to 'seventhly and lastly,' containing many weighty reasons for abandoning the search. Captain James admits that he could not controvert their arguments, 'wherefore,' says he, 'with a sorrowful heart, God knows, I consented that the helm should be borne up, and a course shaped for England, well hoping that his majesty would graciously censure [judge] my endeavours, and pardon my return, although we have not discovered populous kingdoms, and taken special notice of their magnificence, power, and policies, brought samples of their riches and commodities, pryed into the mysteries of their traffic, nor made any great fight against the enemies of God and our nation.' On that night it snowed heavily, and was bitterly cold, so that the rigging and sails were frozen. They did not get clear of the strait until the 8th of September, when they experienced such a heavy sea that they expected the masts would be rolled overboard, and the ship leaked very much, requiring pumping every half-hour, and her top seams were so open that the berths were drenched. But this day brought its peculiar comforts, for they saw ice for the last time, and had a favourable wind. 'For England ho!' was now their cry.

The patient, much-enduring captain gives at length his reasons for finally coming to the conclusion that no North-west Passage exists. Captain McClure, and Franklin himself, solved the problem in the affirmative, yet the following remark of our ancient mariner is as noteworthy and applicable now, as on the day when it was written. Supposing, he argues, that, after all, there is a passage, ships cannot endure the ice without extraordinary danger. Moreover, 1000 leagues is sooner, and with more safety, sailed to the southward, and about the Cape of Good Hope, where the winds are constant, than 100 in these seas, where you must daily run the hazard of losing ship and lives; neither is comfort for the sick, nor refreshment for your men, to be had in these parts.*

The *Henrietta Maria* arrived, after a stormy passage, at Bristol, October 22, 1632, having been absent nearly eighteen months. When she was brought into harbour, and careened, it was found that fourteen feet of her keel, and much of her sheathing, was carried away, and that many of her timbers were fractured, and her bows broken; and that the rocks had cut her bottom all over; 'so that it was miraculous' for her to have brought them safe home again. It is pleasing to learn that in the spirit of manly piety which had distinguished the crew throughout the voyage, they all, on landing at Bristol, went to church, and devoutly returned thanks to the Almighty for preserving them through so many dangers. There is a touch of real pathos in the concluding words of the captain. 'I very well know,' saith he, 'that what I have written will never discourage any noble spirit that is minded to bring this so long tried action [the search] to perfection, to whose designs I wish a happy success. Now, although I have spent some years of my ripest age in procuring vain intelligence from foreign nations, and have travelled to divers honourable and learned persons of this kingdom for their instructions; have bought up whatever I could find in print or manuscript, and what plan or paper soever conducing to this business, that possibly I could procure, and have spent above

L.200 of my own money; yet I repent not, but take a great deal of comfort and joy that I am able to give a reasonable account of those parts of the world, which heretofore I was not so well satisfied in.' Valiant heart, farewell!

A MIDDY'S DIARY.

We wonder whether, among all the Philosophers, Divines, and even those Political Economists who can calculate happiness to the hairsbreadth, whether there is any who enjoys life so completely as a midshipman in her Majesty's navy. His existence seems to be liable to none of those ills that other flesh is heir to; while his peculiar griefs, such as the being cut down in his hammock, or the impossibility of getting his things washed very regularly, appear to his indomitable, if somewhat inverted mind, as capital jokes. He fears nobody, not even his captain, who is always spoken of in that trap for cockroaches, the midshipmen's berth, by some designation less respectful than familiar; he hates nobody, except, perhaps, the lieutenant of his watch, whom, however, he forgives at once upon his own promotion; and he loves every human being that wears a petticoat, including a good many met with in his outlandish voyages who wear no such thing. His very language is a tongue of itself, compounded of sea-terms and school-talk, made agreeable, if not intelligible, by the healthiest laughter and the most facetious emphasis. In his becoming cap and well-looking uniform, like Cupid in the guise of Mars, no female heart can resist him; and he is permitted a greater freedom with the fair sex, on account, as they say, of his charming simplicity, than any other male creature extant. For our own parts—though this may arise from jealousy—we are not so perfectly satisfied about his simplicity, but of his candour and openness there can be no doubt whatever. He hesitates not to describe all mankind who do not suit his marine fancy, from bishops downward, as 'lubbbers' or 'swabs,' while those he approves of receive his equally peculiar eulogiums.

*A Cruise in the Pacific** is a curious and noteworthy example of midshipmen's literature. Edited by a captain, it yet bears the most evident traces of having been written by one of his 'young gentlemen,' and is as different from any of the ordinary Voyages and Travels which invade us at this season, as donkey-racing from land-surveying. Instead of the grave accounts of exports and imports, of population, crime, and public edicts, which the man who travels with an eye to Paternoster Row presents us with, our midshipman regards the whole of the uncivilised globe, including the island of Juan Fernandez, from what may be called the *picnic* point of view—with respect, that is, to its capabilities for rollicking enjoyment. Lovely women, to whom crinoline and bashfulness are alike unknown, and whose decorations are confined to a human thigh-bone worn in their back-hair; gentlemen whose native hideousness is not much redeemed by the most profuse tattooing; tigers and armadillos; the Southern Cross, mosquitoes, niggers, and tropical vegetation—are the ordinary materials out of which our author makes two by no means ordinary volumes. If his animal spirits occasionally 'carry him away,' they at least carry the reader along with them; while they lend a vigour to his descriptions which many a better writer fails to impart to far more moving incidents. What a picture is here presented to us of the method of locomotion used in the streets of Rio! The traveller gets into a nondescript sort of omnibus, which in that part of the world is entitled a gondola, with no greater reason, for all that appears, than we should have for calling an Irish car a pinnace.

* *A Cruise in the Pacific. From the Log of a Naval Officer. Edited by Captain Fenton Aylmer. Hurst and Blackett.*

'A gondola! Shades of Venice, how ye would have stared! Imagine an overgrown lumbering omnibus dragged along at a floundering gallop by four demons of mules, who every now and then take it all their own way, and dash down a narrow street at full speed, then stand stock-still at the foot of a hill, only replying to the whips, oaths, and persuasion of the driver and bystanders by angry squeals, bites at each other, and wicked kicks—pleasant, is it not?—particularly if you are, as I was, crammed half-way up the side with a fat priest (very hot and odoriferous) on one side; and an old woman in a terrible fright, and giving vent to her feelings by pinching me and saying her prayers, on the other; while the rest of the passengers, my friend among the number, sat perfectly indifferent as to whether we proceeded or were turned over, no one appearing to dream of such a thing as lightening the 'bus. There we remained till the driver bribed some slaves into giving us a long and strong push, when, with a proportionate number of shouts and lashes, off we went, and finally were deposited at our destination.'

Omnibuses are not the only things which are known by different names in Rio from those they go under elsewhere. Arterial and venous drainage are still in their infancy in that fairy city, and its spicy gales are sometimes laden with other than Arabian odours. 'Before us glows the Southern Cross; while Orion, familiar with old home-scenes, just peeps over the horizon to remind us of other lands. Thousands of new and bright constellations gem the marvellous blue sky, which here, even in the deepest night, is blue; while on sails Diana in her halo of light, paving silvery roads over the heaving bay, the long booming dash and ripple of whose waves steal over the listener's senses like the voice of song; while now and then the sound of the harp or piano is mingled with the air, or the distant peal of evening-service in some of the numerous churches. A fresh earthy perfume pervades the air, with now and then the sweet breath of jasmine or roses. You stand enchanted. Suddenly a cry of "Tigers!" is uttered. New-comers are thunderstruck. Tigers in Rio! Impossible—no one will believe it. "Then stay and look out!" shouts an old hand as he closes the windows, and leaves you eagerly watching, half fancying they are hoaxing you. A moment more, and you, too, rush frantically at the window, hammering with one hand for admittance, while the other is busily grasping your nasal organ, lucky if you can escape without parting with your dinner. Then amidst roars of laughter, as you inhale Eau-de-Cologne, cigars, anything one is used to, you are informed you have smelt the Rio "tigers," finding, on examination, that this is the local name for the slaves employed in conveying the contents of what would in other places be confined in a sewer, to the beach, where the sea carries all away.'

Our author does not linger long in any place, but literally wanders 'on from island unto island at the gateways of the day,' going ashore on leave of greater or less length wherever he can. Eight-and-forty hours were thus permitted to him to explore the solitary home of Robinson Crusoe, where the goats—notwithstanding what Defoe tells us—were absolutely uneatable, even when you called it lamb, and ate it with mint-sauce. 'The quantity of mint growing wild is marvellous; whole acres are covered with it, and as the breeze passes over, the perfume is wafted miles out to sea. Most of the ships carry off large quantities to dry, and make into tea, as an anti-scorbutic; our men tried it, but owing to the comparative shortness of the voyage to Pitcairn's, they did not make much use of it, except to drown the smell of fish, with which the whole ship was pervaded, while enormous cray-fish walked about in all directions, and lasted us until within a couple of days of our arrival at our next place of refreshment.'

At Otaheite, our middy finds much favour with Queen Pomare, a motherly yet majestic female, with her hair wreathed with blossoms from the arrowroot-tree, whose husband is a mere nonentity, who *will* wear a cocked-hat upon all occasions, and whose eldest son is a confirmed drunkard. She came on board our author's ship, and insisted upon her young favourite forming one of the rubber at whist which was got up for her majesty on the quarter-deck. She also expressed her royal opinion, that he would be very handsome when his whiskers grew.

The midshipman's famous verdict upon a savage people of 'manners none, customs disgusting,' does not hold good in respect to the Feejee islanders. Although clothing is almost unknown among them, etiquette is in the fullest vigour. One of the strongest examples of this is the 'bale mari,' by which it is enacted that if the master makes a false step and tumbles down, the servants must do likewise. 'The great men were particularly fond of coming on board and dining with us; and as many of them could get on pretty well with a sort of broken English, and, moreover, were very jolly fellows, always giving us something to laugh at in their queer ways and blunders, we were seldom a day without one or two. One old gentleman came pretty often; he was, I suppose, a great swell among the Feejeeans, as he brought a couple of servants with him on every occasion. It so happened one day when he was dining with us we had champagne; our friend took to it kindly, imbibing glass after glass with a gusto it did one's heart good to see. The result may be imagined; he got very much excited, volunteered a dance, &c., and finally, when a party of us who were going ashore landed him, he would hear of nothing but our accompanying him home. Nothing loth to see the end, three of us went, and I certainly never regretted it, or laughed so much in my life. We had not gone two hundred yards, when his highness capsize and came down with a run head foremost. What was our astonishment when down went the two followers also in precisely the same manner! Then up staggered the chief—ditto his servants. A few steps further on, up went the old fellow's toes, and this time he lit upon his beam-end. It was ditto with the followers too; and we, after assisting the dignitary to rise, kept half an eye behind, watching the movements going on, expecting the Jacks had been plying the servants with rum; but no—they rose with the greatest gravity, and marched on as steady as grenadiers, only going down as often as their master came to grief. Now I began to see the real state of the case, and every muscle in my face ached, the day after, with the constant roar of laughter we had kept up during our wonderful progress. After sundry falls and risings again, the chief subsided into a slight hollow, out of which he made one or two efforts to rise; then quietly crossing his legs, and smiling benignly, he began reciting a long story, containing, I have no doubt, the narrative of the mighty deeds he had done. We watched him a short time, and then, tired of laughing, wished him good-night. The last thing we saw, on looking back, was the recumbent forms of master and men.'

We not only envy our young author his varied experiences and the wonderful good spirits that enabled him to enjoy them so thoroughly, but the honest hearty pathos that now and then exhibits itself in his little volumes, and of which he does not seem at all ashamed: in later life, it is too probable he will hesitate to pen such a passage as the following upon those sacred pleasures to the traveller—letters from home: 'It is a great thing getting a bundle of home-letters, some from anxious, patient papas, with directions how much money you can draw, a terrible account of an outfitting-bill he knew nothing of, winding up with a capital run with Lord —'s hounds, or a glorious day's fishing. The dear old

lady's, too, with tender advice to keep your feet warm, take care of the dew, be sure to have the cholera mixture always at hand, and a postscript with some more advice, which sets your eyes watering, and makes you say, "Dear mother!" to yourself. Then come more letters from college and school, such fun to read and recount to your messmates. Of course, your budget lasts a week; every one has something to tell; and every one listens, laughs, and rejoices as warmly as if he knew each member of your family. There is another sort of letter I have not yet mentioned, partly because it is private property, and partly because it is kept quietly buttoned up in your pocket-book, and read whenever you can steal a quiet moment. Sometimes the letter is from a sister, detailing as tenderly and lovingly as only a sister can, the thoughts, actions, and general conduct of some one with whom you spent most of your last leave, and who, after joking and laughing the months away, suddenly got very grave when you said, "Good-bye," and left a photograph of trembling lips and dewy eyes deeply engraven on your heart. Of course you cannot write to her; her mamma or aunt make disagreeable innuendos about sailors, and call midshipmen boys; so your dear sister, who knows all about it, comforts your heart and somebody else's. Heigh-ho! is not this often the way, messmates? Few of us are sure of getting the honest letter from the darling franked by the jovial old squire, or a tender message added by the favouring mother; such is a rare blessing; and perhaps it is better, after all, that a sailor should sail fancy-free, leave his tenderest affections with those nearest by right, and never change nor mistake, and wait for the bliss of a wife and wife's love until he need not be torn away for long years of restlessness and suspense.

There must be some sterling stuff in a lad who can write as naturally as this. If the occasion presents itself, we have little doubt that his name will be soon found in dispatches. In the meantime, let us hope that his chrysalis state of mate may be as brief as possible; and that within a very little, a full-blown lieutenant, with those whiskers whose growth was the subject of congratulation from her majesty of Otaheite, he may be entitled to speak with the usual complacency of his present companions of the midshipmen's berth as 'the youngsters.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE year opens with renewed conviction to many minds, that the accomplishment of many good works, though long desired, still remains to be striven after by philosophers and savants. The lamentable loss of life by the fearful colliery explosion at Risca, and at Hetton, indicates very emphatically what one of the first of these much-desired good works should be—the discovery or application of a method by which mining operations may be carried on free from the terrible risk to which miners are now subject. We cannot believe that Science has come to the end of her skill in this matter: Mr Cassiot's experiments, shewn before the Royal Society, demonstrate that a brilliant electric light is producible within a glass globe or cylinder from which the surrounding atmosphere is perfectly excluded. May not this fact be accepted as proof that some safe application of the electric light is possible, even in the most dangerous workings? Moreover, something was said a few years ago about a means for burning the choke-damp as fast as it accumulated, whereby explosions would become impossible. Has this notion ever been put into practice? Let us hope that 1861 will not pass away without the removal of what may be regarded as a reproach on our national character: the oft recurring sacrifice of human life in the pursuits of industry.

We want pure gas to burn in our houses; we want the purest of drinking-water; we want a way to save the thousands of tons of good fuel which are now smoked off to waste in the air; we want a simple and effectual method of ventilation applicable to all sorts of buildings; we want a sure way of passing signals to the guard of a railway-train while in motion, whereby passengers may give timely warning of fire, breakage of wheels, and the like; we want improved means of vehicular locomotion in streets which shall entirely prevent the numerous fatal accidents which now occur every year in London and other large towns of busy traffic. Is it not an opprobrium to our civilisation to be able to cross a street only with risk of life? We want wider applications of the electric telegraph in large towns, as well as to all parts of the realm, for social as well as commercial purposes. The District Telegraph, wherever available in London, is found to be singularly useful. A friend of ours who left his home in Islington one morning with anticipations of a supper-party in the evening, discovering at 4 P.M. that his expected guests would not be able to appear, immediately flashed the information to his wife, and thus, by a payment of fourpence, saved materfamilias from useless trouble. We could fill a column with desiderata; but if 1861 should accomplish those we have pointed out in addition to its promised Great Exhibition, and the realisation of the superb scheme of what is now the Royal Horticultural Society, it will be a year exceedingly memorable.

So far as gas is concerned, there is prospect of relief from those impurities which at present render the brilliant light so prejudicial in a dwelling-house. A paper by the Rev. W. R. Bowditch, read before the Royal Society, describes a series of experiments undertaken for the discovery of a method of purification, and the results. Heated clay appears to be a valuable purifier, as it removes many injurious products from the gas; but the greatest success is obtained by lime at about a temperature of 108 degrees, as it completely neutralises the bisulphide of carbon which, with another sulphurous product, are felt so oppressively in the atmosphere of a room where gas has been burning a few hours. Seeing that, generally speaking, 200 grains of sulphur are given off by every thousand feet of gas consumed, the oppressiveness complained of is not to be wondered at, nor that gilding and the binding of books are spoiled. No means were known by which this sulphur could be got rid of, and even the ablest chemists regarded it as an inevitable evil. But Mr Bowditch, to whom gas-makers are indebted for the introduction of clay as a purifier, animated by his success, made further experiments, and found, as above stated, the desired means of purification in lime, and without any loss of light-giving constituents from the gas. When once his process shall have come into general use, some of the objections now made to the lighting of picture-galleries, museums, and libraries by gas will no longer apply. We assist the more willingly in making this subject known, as it is one of much importance from the domestic as well as the commercial point of view. Some readers will perhaps take interest in the fact, that the clay used in the purifying is afterwards valuable as a fertiliser.

A happy result of the attempt made to familiarise seaside-folk with a scientific instrument deserves notice. The fishermen of Cullercoats, one of the villages where a barometer was set up at the cost of the Duke of Northumberland, observing a fall of the mercury during their preparations for sea, put off their departure, and thus saved themselves from a gale, which came on a few hours later.—An apparatus has been invented for pumping a leaky ship: a two-bladed screw, placed in the water behind the stern, turns a rod and crank shaft, which keep the pump working; and the faster the vessel sails, the

more water will be pumped out, and without fatigue to the crew.—An American inventor now builds boats by machinery, and turns out a cutter 36 feet long, in ten hours; a task that, by the usual method, takes eight days.—And now the much-talked of iron frigate *Warrior* is fairly launched, the largest ship in the world except the *Great Eastern*; and by and by we shall know whether a vessel cased in ponderous armour is, like the iron-clad knights of the olden time, too heavy to be useful.

Mr David Forbes, brother of the late Professor Edward Forbes, has read a paper before the Geological Society, giving the results of his geological explorations of Bolivia and Southern Peru, where he has spent some years, and met with much adventure. Examination of the Peruvian coast leads him to the conclusion, that it has undergone no elevation since the Spanish Conquest, although along the neighbouring coast of Chili a remarkable upheaval has taken place. The saline formations extend over 550 miles of the rainless region, and contain prodigious quantities of nitrate of soda—a valuable article in commerce, besides considerable deposits of borate of lime. Among the fossils brought home by Mr Forbes are certain Silurian species, which were collected on the mountains at great heights above the sea; and geologists are much interested in the fact, that perhaps a hundred thousand square miles of the great chain of the Cordilleras are now known to comprise Silurian rocks, which yield fossils even at a height of 20,000 feet. Notwithstanding the risks, and wounds received during revolutionary contests, Mr Forbes intends returning to Bolivia to resume his explorations, and to climb, if possible, to the highest of the mountain summits.—The iron-sand, which covers many miles of country in New Zealand, to the great annoyance of settlers in windy weather, is likely to become a considerable source of profit; for analysis of samples brought to England shews it to be composed of a peroxide of iron, with 12 per cent. of titanium—a rare combination. It is, moreover, readily convertible into steel of singularly good quality; and sundry manufactured specimens which have been put to the test as razor-blades, and other cutting instruments, shew proof of a keen edge, a surface less easily tarnished than that of ordinary steel, and unusual hardness. Hence, in their so-called sand, which is attracted as readily as steel-filings by the magnet, we may believe that the New Zealand colonists have a metalliferous resource valuable to them as gold-fields; that is, should 'Taranaki steel' maintain its present reputation among manufacturers.—In a communication to the Geological Society of Dublin, Mr Alphonse Gages announces his discovery of the structure of certain mineral substances: he immersed a small piece of fibrous dolomite in dilute sulphuric acid, and found, at the end of some days, that certain parts were dissolved out, leaving only a skeleton form. In other instances, he finds one skeleton superposed on another; and he is now trying to discover the origin of serpentine, which is composed, perhaps, of three skeletons, whose interstices are filled up by another substance.

The Geographical Society, desirous to promote African discovery, are raising a subscription of L.2000 wherewith to equip Mr Petherick for another exploration towards the head-waters of the Nile.—From Australia the news of Mr Sturt's expedition to explore the interior has surprised alike colonists and geographers; for instead of the vast traditionary desert, the scorching wilderness, and source of the suffocating 'brickfielders,' he found a fertile and well-watered country, suited for pastoral purposes. At the last accounts, he had returned to the settlements to report progress and replenish his supplies, but intended to repeat his endeavour to solve the mystery of the unknown interior. The happiest discovery he could make would be a chain of mountains,

but failing that, it is gratifying to know that grassy plains and woods exist where, according to theory, nothing was to be met with but barren sand.

Not fewer than 500 pages of the last published volume of *Mémoires* of the Academy of Sciences at Paris are filled with a dissertation on the silkworm disease, comprising facts observed up to the latest available period in 1859. The history and phenomena of the disease are set forth, the causes and means of cure are sought out and explained; and the prime conclusion is, that the best remedy consists in hygienic means, and that the visitation is temporary in its nature. The importance of this question to our neighbours may be inferred from the fact, that in 1853 France raised 26,000,000 kilogrammes of cocoons, worth 130,000,000 francs; and that, owing to the progress of the disease year by year, the quantity was less in 1856 by 7,500,000 kilogrammes. As we mentioned some time since, attempts have been made to introduce new species of silkworms, among which the most successful is the *Bombyx arrindia*, the silkworm which feeds on the *Palma Christi*, or castor-oil plant. It was brought first from China about four years ago; was reared and propagated at Turin; has been found to thrive in Algeria, and to survive the winter of the south of France; and is, besides, remarkably productive, for, to quote Professor Milne-Edwards, it yields six or seven broods within a year. It is of the silk of this worm that India handkerchiefs are made.

Great surprise was manifested a short time since at a statement laid before the Société d'Encouragement, concerning the enormous quantity of albumen consumed by the dyers of cotton-prints in the manufacturing districts of France; for it was shewn that 33,000,000 of eggs were required every year to supply the demand; the quantity produced being 125,000 kilogrammes, and each kilogramme worth twelve francs. The yolks of all these eggs were for the most part wasted, until it was found that they were convertible into soap; but even then, it was felt that to consume the eggs as food would be better than employing them in the preparation of mordants. There is no fear of lack of customers while English ports are open for all that France can send. The question would be solved if an artificial albumen could be produced from some substance not of prime importance as an aliment; and for some time past the Société Industrielle of Mulhausen has offered a prize of 17,500 francs for the discovery of a material which will not require the use of eggs. The same problem has been seriously studied at Manchester, and not fruitlessly; and we now see that the Abbé Moigno announces in his weekly journal, a discovery made by M. Hannon, a miller and baker, that the waste gluten of starch-factories yields the substitute for albumen which has been so long desired. By a process of fermentation, and subsequent drying in moulds, and in a stove, with certain precautions, cakes are produced of what the inventor calls 'albuminoid glue,' which is applicable to other uses as well as those of the dyer: it answers as a glue for carpenters and cabinet-makers, for workers in leather, paper, and pasteboard, for menders of glass, porcelain crystals, shells, and so forth, for clarifiers of beer, for the finishers of silk and woollen goods, and in the fabrication of gums; and with all this utility its price is but one-fourth that of the albumen of eggs.

A pamphlet lately published under the title, *Why the Shoe Pinches*, deserves a word of notice here, and claims the attention of all who wear shoes, because of the importance of its subject. It is a translation of Dr Hermann Meyer's short treatise on the best form of shoe for the human foot, regarded from the anatomical point of view; the which point, we take leave to say, is the primary one in the question. Let those who fear to wear a comfortable shoe lest their feet should be thought 'big,' read Dr Meyer's

explanations and examine his engravings, and they will see the evil and sometimes fatal consequences of denying fair-play to the six-and-twenty bones of the foot. They will see such deformities wrought by fashion, that leave us but little to boast of in the treatment of our feet over the much-wondered-at ladies of China. They will learn what are the true principles on which the foot-covering should be shaped, and many a mother will perhaps rejoice that they have been saved from the cruelty of distorting their infants' feet. It is scarcely possible to convey the description without the aid of engravings; but the essential particulars are that, in forming the sole, a straight line drawn from the ball of the great toe—the toe being in its natural position—shall pass exactly through the centre of the heel; that the edge of the sole shall be straight along its inner side from its foremost extremity to the base of the great toe; and that none but what are called 'rights and lefts' should be worn. We recommend perusal of the pamphlet to all concerned—and they are not few; and especially to shoemakers, who are commonly so apt to be dogmatic, and fancy they have nothing to learn, and who torture their customers without remorse.

Of the gorgeous Christmas-books, the perfection of whose type, illustrations, and binding seems to merit a notice in this our record of the Arts as well as the Sciences, these two are especially commendable—the new edition of the *Lyra Germanica* (Longmans) and the *Ore-seeker* (Macmillan). The hymns contained in the former were perhaps some of the first compositions produced in types at the dawn of printing, and the book before us is probably the best specimen of modern art. The means employed are nearly the same, both being the production of the hand-press; but how wide the difference between the black-letter folio and the result which is now attained, itself a record of the progress of civilisation! The illustrations, which are engraved under the superintendence of John Leighton, F.R.S., are as excellent and appropriate to their subjects as can be conceived. The *Ore-seeker* is also an admirably executed volume, concerning whose charming story and beautiful illustrations the only thing to be regretted is, that the author and artist are both anonymous.

LOST MEN.

In a very interesting paper, published in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, Dr Conolly says: 'The diversities of life in London furnished occasional cases to Hanwell scarcely to be met with in asylums remoter from the capital—the cases of men more or less educated, and who, from some imperfection of mind or infirmity of disposition, had fallen out of their own rank in life, and, by slow degrees, had sunk into destitution; or, after long contention with the troubled currents of town existence, were wrecked and cast ashore like things unregarded and valueless. Ingenious and ambitious men, not very systematically educated; or men of imagination and feeling, but wanting self-government; and also some who had studied at the universities and brought away some fragments of learning, and perhaps a cultivated taste, but no solid acquirement—sometimes appeared among the new arrivals from the workhouses, where misery had made them acquainted with strange bedfellows. The situation of men of this kind, when first shut up with pauper lunatics, clothed like them, taking their meals with them, conforming to the general hours of rising and going to bed, often very different from those to which they have been accustomed, could not be regarded without a sort of commiseration. A full sense of the condition to which they have sunk becomes to some of them then only a reality. The illusions kept up by various speculative undertakings, or by wild companions, or by successive vicious stimulants, are suddenly extinguished, and thoughts of other days, when they were younger and full of promise and of hope, revert to them painfully, after long

forgetfulness of what dissipation, and idleness, and schemes innumerable seemed to have obliterated from their mind. Some of the unfortunate men thus situated—for women seemed less conscious of their position in such circumstances—became desponding and disposed to suicide; but the greater part sustained themselves with fortitude. In reality, the life they entered upon on becoming patients had many compensations. There were ready for them on arrival a supper of bread and cheese, with wholesome beer; no ardent spirits could be obtained, but then no night-wanderings awaited them. There was the comfort of a clean bed. The morning light no longer awoke them to a sense of uncertainty of breakfast and sufficient food for the day. They walked out in pleasant grounds; they had an ample and wholesome daily dinner; and they heard simple and beautiful prayers read in the chapel, of which the words had once been familiar to their ears. Nor were minor consolations wanting. They generally excited sympathy in the store-room and in the shops of the workmen; and slight additions to the fashion of the asylum clothing, a book now and then, and pens, and ink, and paper, filled up the measure of their unwonted content.'

THE TWO YEARS.

The summerless Old Year is dead—
Gone, gone for evermore;
Many a storm of tears he shed;
His face but few smiles wore.

He struck the farmer's heart with fear,
He thundered o'er the wheat,
And trod the spiral golden ear
Down quivering at his feet.

He rent the blushing rose's breast,
Tore green leaves from the tree,
And swamped the early skylark's nest
Out on the windy lea.

He swelled the streamlet o'er the mead,
Above the daisy's trill,
And the wind-wrinkled mirror spread
From island-hill to hill.

But his strange pranks are ended now;
He's left his stormy throne;
And who will grieve, or care to know
Where the old rebel's gone?

New Year! we will have faith in thee.
Bring us sweet spring-tide hours;
Baptize with beauty grass and tree;
Breathe softly on the flowers.

Bring us a summer warm and bright,
With sweetest smiles from God,
And happy flowers, enrobed with light,
To beautify the sod.

Bring us a glorious autumn, rich
With golden orchard-store;
And that unanxious calmness which
We've felt so oft before.

Bring us a poor man's winter mild;
For the storms pinch him sore,
Who cannot bar a winter wild
Outside a golden door.

Bring us these God-gifts; and when thou
Gently resign'st thy breath,
We'll chant a requiem sweet and low,
In honour of thy death.

J. E.

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